# UNITY

FREEDOM FELLOWSHIP AND CHARACTER IN RELIGION

(Jenkin Lloyd Jones, Editor 1880-1918)

*Editors*

John Haynes Holmes  Francis Neilson

## A Fast Vanishing Class

*By* FRANCIS NEILSON

## Health, Long Life, Justice

*By* FRANK C. DOAN

## Gandhi and Modern India

*By* CHARLES W. WENDTE

## The Revolt Against Evolution

*By* ROBERT WHITAKER

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## *A Journal of the Religion of Democracy*

JOHN HAYNES HOLMES : *Editors* : FRANCIS NEILSON

UNITY Fellowship

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# UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN"

VOL. LXXXIX. THURSDAY, AUGUST 3, 1922 NUMBER 21

## A PRAYER FOR SPIRITUAL STATESMANSHIP

**May the leaders of the Churches of Christendom and the Religions of the World be spiritual statesmen who know and love the past but who do not cower before its precedents and precepts. May they see the utopia of the soul but possess hands able to manipulate the machinery of the common place. May they have extensive knowledge but not forget the grind of rough reality. May they be seers as well as saints. May they be preachers who fire the soul with creative imagination and who direct the will towards positive achievements. May the churches and the religions of the world have brave, noble, wise leadership, for humanity's sake. Amen.**

CURTIS W. REESE.

---

Colonel Claude Lowther introduced in the House of Commons a bill for reducing the members of the House of Lords from 730 to 300. This is to be regarded as a moderate reform of the upper house, desired by an aristocrat who has intimate parliamentary, ecclesiastical, and social knowledge of the qualifications and attainments of its members. No doubt his friends will feel a little sad about this move to reduce the number of peers, but they should not be much discouraged, because Colonel Lowther must know the Labor Party is pledged to making a far greater reduction, and if it be returned in strength to the House of Commons the upper house may disappear altogether. The motive which has prompted Colonel Lowther is a good one. He says he desires "an aristocracy of brains for an aristocracy of birth." Now anything that will increase the supply of brains in any political institution deserves the support of all intelligent citizens, but this bill coming so soon after the creation of a war-aristocracy in England makes one doubt whether it is brains that is required in the lords. Think of the prodigies of finance, commerce and journalism that have been added to the peerage since the European conflict began! Think of the war-lawyers that were "kicked upstairs," the old time diplomats who have joined the brotherhood whose constituencies are under their hats! And to think that this bill was introduced on the very day when Arthur James Balfour was "kicked upstairs" with the title of Earl of Whittinghame—well, what are the kind of brains that Colonel Lowther would put in their lordships' house?

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*The Commonweal* (London) says "it is an ill war that brings no landlord good." That may seem strange to American readers who do not see the close connection which always exists in every war between land conquest and imperial armies. When Gladstone and Joseph Chamberlain in the '70s denounced the policy of territorial aggrandizement our British cousins had no doubts as to the real reason for making war on defenceless peoples. The statement quoted from *The Commonweal* refers however to quite another aspect of landlordism. It says:

> Recent questions in Parliament have dragged to light the interesting fact that this country has had to pay our dear ally, France, rent for trenches and other ground occupied by our troops while saving her in the late war. Prior to March, 1919, some £32,000,000 were so paid before it occurred to the "business men" who run this country that in ordinary business circles such a claim, if admitted, would have been set-off against our ally's indebtedness to ourselves. "The Belgian and Italian Governments have received similar payments from His Majesty's Government," added Lord Hylton, replying for the Government in the Lords! A strange silence on this matter has marked the daily Press, by the way.

The American taxpayer ought to be urging some senator or representative to get from our Government the amount we had to pay for trench-rent to the French landlords, for it is unlikely they were so generous as to let our troops defend their land without having to pay rent for trench protection.

---

Is it not curious that certain books dealing with the causes of the war reach our shores via England? In looking through *The Nation and The Athenæum* (London) we come upon a long review of a book called "Let France Explain" by Frederick Bausman, an ex-Judge of the Supreme Court of the State of Washington. This book is issued by a London firm of publishers—Allen and Unwin. If it has been published in this country, it has escaped our notice—that, however, may not be strange as there seems to be a conspiracy at work in certain sections of the popular press to ignore books that deal with the causes of the war from the unpopular point of view. That Mr. Bausman does not agree with the stories of allied propagandists as to the causes of the war is evident from the remarks of the reviewer of "Let France Explain." Among other things the reviewer says:

> He (Mr. Bausman) regards France as the Machiavellian author of the war, and certain Frenchmen—Delcassé, Poincaré, Millerand, Viviani, Paléologue, as its engineers, of more or less subtlety and importance. Mr. Bausman's findings on this grand count are precise, and here and there they are stated in the tone and language of rhetoric. But his case is closely documented, and, if we are not mistaken, he has put his finger on the questions that must for years to come disquiet the conscience of Europe, until an answer of equity has been found to them.

Would there were some signs here of a "disquiet" conscience among the leaders of thought, who knew so little about the causes of the war and talked so glibly about the benefits humanity would derive from it! Another statement of the reviewer goes straight to the heart of the matter. He says:

> For the gravity of this fresh examination of the causes of the war is that, on the whole, it corresponds to an almost total displacement of the moral thesis under which we and the Allied peoples entered the struggle. It is not now possible for a rational being, aware of the evidence, to assert that Germany deliberately planned the war.

That is true of England but, in this country, we have not yet reached the stage when rational beings can hold such views. The reviewer considers that Mr. Bausman has written a remarkable book. We sincerely hope that some American publisher will be fair-minded and courageous enough to import copies for those who are earnestly seeking the truth. The reviewer concludes his significant article on Mr. Bausman's book by saying:

> The shadow of suspicion has fallen darkly on some of the personalities of that hour, while it has lightened on others, and it cannot be denied that this process has been to Germany's advantage. It is the Nemesis of French after-war statemanship that men are more and more constrained to ask themselves how much weight they ought to attach to the pre-war Belgian suspicions of a thought-out French design on the peace of Europe. Or it may be that the pendulum has swung far enough away from the war-myth of Germany's exclusive guilt, and that now there is nothing for it but for each country to examine its own conscience for such seeds of guilt and error as reside there. In either hypothesis, the Treaty and its theology of the scapegoat fall to the ground.

---

Here is an instance of the extraordinary change that has taken place in the conduct of ministers in parliament during the last few years. When we consider that these changes have been brought about by Liberals—for Mr. Lloyd George insists that he is still a Liberal, although he is the head of the British coalition—it is enough to make a political sceptic of the most thorough-going adherent of the cause of law and order. The brilliant raconteur who writes the column Miscellany in the *Manchester Guardian* refers to a recent change in the business procedure of the House of Commons, and says:

> It was hardly surprising that members of the House of Commons showed, even on the Government side, considerable ill-temper when, in the short debate of the circumstances of the murder of Sir Henry Wilson, Mr. Chamberlain enunciated a theory never likely to be accepted cheerfully by any House of Commons. It has been till recently the rule in all times of crisis that the Prime Minister, if a member of the House, should be present in his place and should deal with questions arising out of the crisis, even if those questions might ordinarily be regarded as departmental. But Mr. Chamberlain informed the House that such work was now his duty as leader of the House, that it was not the Prime Minister's business, and that the Prime Minister was more usefully employed than in attendance on the House of Commons. It is easy to imagine with what fire a Gladstone on the front Opposition bench and with what biting sarcasm a Disraeli would have dealt with such a suggestion in the days when illness alone justified the absence of the Prime Minister from his place in the House during the progress of business.
>
> It might be said, indeed, that the new theory of the relations between the Prime Minister and the House of Commons, dependent not on any vote of the House or on any legal enactment but on the will of one powerful Minister, was never exemplified more nakedly than in this incident. It is not "Miscellany's" business to decide whether this way of putting the House of Commons in its place in relation to the Executive is justified or not by the exigencies of events, but it is most certainly true that it is another step towards the approximation of the office of Prime Minister to that of an American President, and "Miscellany's" Autolycus, sauntering through the byways of politics, will certainly snatch this incident for inclusion in his collection of "trifles."

Is it any wonder that, in every grave constitutional crisis the only demand of English people is to "restore the law and custom of our land"? H. S. N.

## A Fast Vanishing Class

Now that our barons of commerce and finance are speedily acquiring landed estates, where those delightful recreations, perfected by English squires, may be cultivated, we should pay some heed to the warnings which come to us of the signs of change and decay taking place in the ancient land system of the mother country. The editor of Burke's "Landed Gentry" is deeply concerned about the future of the English landowning families, for he finds that not 50 per cent of the good old sort registered in the '60's were recorded in the edition of 1914. This is a serious matter, but it is by no means the first time England has suffered in that way. To mention only two periods, when a new class of landlords upset the Burke's of the past, will suffice to show our landed gentry that these things will happen in the best regulated systems of landlordism: the Wars of the Roses and the Dissolution of the Monasteries brought about vast changes in the personnel of the manors. How England survived the loss of the old owners, and tolerated the lordship of the new, is writ large in the histories which deal with such distressing problems. Disregarding the authority of experience, the editor of "Burke" is in a quandary as to where he is to place the old lot produced by the fiscal and otherwise disturbing phenomena of this untoward generation. He says, "We have in our midst a growing landless aristocracy consorting with and accepted on an equality with those of the highest rank and, from the point of view of 'Burke,' it has been difficult to know what to do with them." We are a bit too young in the estate business to appreciate what all this means, but, none the less, those of us who are laying hold of the fundamental basis of a family with a real stake in the country, should ponder well the distressing state of affairs which perturbs the worthy editor of "Burke's Landed Gentry."

Owing, in a large measure, to the help-yourself method, formerly in vogue here, of acquiring landed

estates, our ancestors met with none of those agrarian difficulties which beset the English landlords for so many centuries; and our squires of this day, benefiting from the pre-war tax system, which enabled many with comparative ease to acquire the wherewithal to purchase derelict farms for "gentlemen's estates," may overlook the pitfalls of taxation, and the hazards of tenure, which have brought the old English aristocracy to grief.

According to an estimate furnished by the London Estate Exchange about 13,000,000 acres, nearly half the cultivated area of England and Wales, had changed hands in the ten years ending July, 1919. Oddly enough, this invasion of ancient baronial estates has been in progress at a time when the old landed gentry have been selling their territories because they could not bear the weight of taxation. Whatever the real reason may be for the old selling to the new, there can be no doubt of the large number of tenant farmers who have purchased their holdings in the period since the armistice, when taxation was highest. It must from this be evident that the man who farms the farm is willing to take more risks than the man who farmed the farmer. These are facts our landed gentry should know, for who can tell what may happen in the way of taxation, on estates, to be imposed by Congress before it has satisfied all the claims of war and peace our age is heir to?

We are, unfortunately, without a literature concerning our landed estates. We have not yet a "Burke" to help us. American authors have neglected to give us the story of how our forefathers became country gentlemen, and passed their estates on to their progeny with the behest that they should devote a large part of their leisure to the task of finding employment for those agriculturists at their gates who would otherwise spend their days in idleness and intemperance. It is to England we must turn for a literature on this subject, a literature that will keep us awake nights, once we dip into it. In the words of the modern literary critic, "it is arresting and provocative." It is a story that has "punch to it"; and it goes on without a dull moment for ten centuries or so. There is not a section of English society that has not at some time or another been embroiled in it. Wars of all kinds have raged about it; indeed, it has been war without peace, or actual victory for either side, ever since the quarrel started when William the Conqueror edited the Doomsday Book. Works, by authors of world-wide fame, which deal with different phases and periods of that long struggle, are without number. The library of the British Museum contains pretty nearly everything the young American squire can wish for, from tiny tracts to voluminous Parliamentary reports. During our generation numbers of works reviewing the whole subject have been published. When Dr. Slater's book "English Peasantry and Enclosure of Common Fields," was published, many students thought the discussion of the question had been brought to a close, but, after a few years, the Hammonds came along with "The Village Labourer," and revealed the fact that the subject was not as easily exhausted as the inherent qualities of the soil. Now Mr. W. H. R. Curtler brings forth a work entitled "The Enclosure and Redistribution of Our Land," published by the Clarendon Press, and opens up anew a controversy most of us thought was settled and out of the way. Here we are again face to face with the old problem of "why the landlords took the land away from the people," and depopulated the English countryside? Certainly, neither Dr. Slater nor the Hammonds can sit still, and let Mr. Curtler's book pass into history without an answer. Numbers of people in every generation since Ketts' rebellion, in 1549, to go no further back, have thought that the landlords took the land, held in common by the people, because it was worth taking. Mr. Curtler has, however, quite another notion. He is of the opinion that "Commons did more harm than good," and that enclosure was necessary for the progress of agriculture; that it was not to the advantage of industry to have a large class of independent people, who maintained a system of high real wage, and were not forced to enter the labor market, there to underbid one another for jobs. His notion is, that the enclosure of land was an economic blessing. This position he maintains in spite of all testimony to the contrary given by contemporaneous authors. He quotes Sir Thomas More, who, in his "Utopia," complains that noblemen and gentlemen "leave no ground for tillage, they enclose all into pasture, they throw down houses, they pluck down towns, and leave nothing standing but only the church to be made a sheep house." Notwithstanding the integrity of More as a witness, of the wide-spread evil done in taking the common land from the people, Mr. Curtler keeps his eyes firmly fixed on the blessing which accrued solely to landlords, that of getting high prices for their wool. Hugh Latimer, too, is quoted: "Where there was a great many of householders there is now but a shepherd and his dog"; true enough, but the wool industry throve enormously! Let Tyndale himself complain that pasture and parks were full of wild deer as well as sheep; no matter, Mr. Curtler says, "enclosure meant temporary social distress but economic progress." He admits that "many poor people lost their employment and were turned out on the world," but he is sure that "the contemporary outcry in the sixteenth century against enclosure was very much overdone."

From the beginning of the eighteenth century down to our day, rather more than 6,500,000 acres of common fields and waste land were enclosed by Act of Parliament. When one-fifth of the cultivable area of

a country, over which millions of people hold common rights, is taken away by individual landlords for their personal use, it seems strange to read, at this time of day, a comment on the affair so impregnated with Tory spirit as this: "If the agricultural laborers and small tenant-farmers had had votes in the eighteenth century we may be sure that many of the enclosures would not have been effected, and it is quite possible that through the short-sighted policy of enfranchised ignorance we might still be suffering from the wastefulness of the common and the open field."

That is a gem on the land question worthy of the great Duke of Argyle.

The Hammonds have, in "The Village Labourer," given a faithful picture of the terrible results of the Enclosure Acts of the eighteenth century. The economic progress and the social blessings which came to the people, during that period, may be imagined when it is understood that the enfranchised "intelligence" of a Parliament of landlords, after taking away the common fields, inflicted the awful Corn Laws upon a voteless, landless people. But Mr. Curtler knows what havoc on the life of millions was wrought by a Parliament of landlords. He quotes the following:

> "The 'Report on the Handloom Weavers' of 1840 says, 'Taking the whole body of agricultural labourers, beef and mutton as articles of food are almost unknown from the North of England to the South.' When, after 1836, the price of corn rose rapidly the consumption of meat in the large towns fell off by 30 to 40 per cent. With rising corn prices and no increase in wages the labourer had no money to spend in meat, butter, or cheese. Nettles, Swedes, and rotten apples were devoured; children fought in the streets for scraps which the rich would not have offered to their dogs. 'I could tell you of mothers' dividing a farthing salt herring, and a halfpenny worth of potatoes, among a family of seven,' wrote the correspondent of an M. P. in 1841. 'The old fare of bread, bacon and beer was often replaced by water gruel, rice and potatoes with a decoction of boiled tea leaves for drink.' 'Our labourers,' said another, 'are paupers, poachers, and incendiaries and their present state cannot be permitted much longer to exist.'"

Such was the consequence of the acts of the enfranchised "intelligence" of Parliament; but, according to Mr. Curtler, the work of depopulation, poverty, and misery was done to benefit agriculture. The facts, however, show it was done to bring about high prices and high rents, to fill the coffers of the landed aristocracy and enable them to build so many of the wonderful palaces which adorn the English countryside.

In this work, which comes as a belated spoonful of Mrs. Winslow's Soothing Syrup, our squires will learn that some English landlords, long after their ancestors enlarged their estates by enclosure, were intelligent enough to see the harm that was done. Mr. Curtler in his preface says, "it was the great landlords who were the first to try and remedy the hardships undoubtedly wrought on many of the poor through the loss of their commons, by granting allotments. It is but tardy justice to this fast vanishing class that their efforts in this direction should be set forth." It is a pity, however, that Mr. Curtler should appear upon the scene with his book just when the old aristocracy is passing away, and a "new gentry" takes possession. Probably the survivors of the great landlords, who returned a little good for much evil, will be duly grateful for the mead of tardy justice granted by Mr. Curtler. No doubt the new landlords will maintain to the full the prerogatives of the old, the system itself weathering all the stormy changes of ownership and genealogy, and long in the land the song of the landless laborer will ascend:

> God bless the Squire and his relations
> And keep us in our humble stations.

Our squires should heed the warning, which comes from the editor of "Burke." Moreover, it may not be amiss to harken once again unto the voice of Isaiah: "Woe unto them that join house to house, that lay field to field, till there be no place, that they may be placed alone in the midst of the earth."

FRANCIS NEILSON.

## Across the Pacific

Editorial Correspondence

I went to French Island last Monday, it is 50 miles southeast of Melbourne and the site of a penal colony, under charge practically of the Indeterminate Sentence Board. It is one of the most hopeful prison enterprises I have ever seen. The Board, in the first place, is made up of three men, Messrs. Mauger, Topp and Anderson, who have made a study of prisons in Britain, Belgium and America. They serve gratis.

The colony is small—there being only 60 inmates. They are men with sentences ranging from two to five years—and are not mere juveniles. We went by automobile about 50 miles to a little pier, where we were met by a launch, manned by a couple of the inmates. An hour's ride brought us to the colony. It might have been a "Y" boys' camp, for looks; or a retreat of the Fellowship.

Little shacks, arranged in a rectangle, furnished the apartments. Each man had a "hut," which had no lock whatever. There is not a dog, or gun (except a fowling-piece) or padlock or club or dark-hole, on the place. The men work eight hours a day on the farm. They look like any group of workers. They go at night to their huts at 9 o'clock. They assemble freely in the mess-room, and may take their meals in their huts or in

the mess-room. They may swim or fish in the bay, when off work. They play cricket and football. The idea, of course, is to give the men as normal a life as possible. If we must have prisons, this is a good one. Anyone desiring to learn more, would be accommodated by writing Hon. Samuel Mauger, 326 Flinders St., Melbourne.

I received a letter from a friend this morning, which had on the envelope a small sticker, which carried to me a suggestion that it might be worth imitating. So, I give it herewith:

> **FROM THE PEACE SOCIETY**
> **(Melbourne, Box 1506 G. P. O.)**
> **Whose goal is the abolition of the most ferocious and futile folly.**

This is the "King's Birthday," and therefore a national holiday. Australians have a happy idea of making the most of their holidays come on Monday. I think it is worth imitating—the reason being, of course, to give the public a block holiday of two and a half days—from Saturday noon to Tuesday morning. The public likes it better and I have a notion that employers do not like a week cut in two by a mid-week holiday.

Coming up Bourke Street this morning I fell in with a father and four sons, and found that the little party was on its way to see the big War Exhibition. I said, "I hope the boys will be made to have a hatred of war by what they see at the Exhibition." "I doubt it," the father said, "it seems to work the other way. I suppose they'll have a desire for war: for all young men like to have a little adventure—until they are thirty." I said, "the next war will be more than a little adventure. It will be a chemical war and it is quite possible that a whole city—men, women and children—will be blotted out by air men." "O no," he said, "they knew about everything in the last war; and then boys always like to have a little adventure"—and he led his boys on toward the War Exhibition. It was the King's Birthday and here were nice young fellows, who, when the King commanded, would be ready to march out to kill or be killed—and either one would be a little adventure!

The war-disease is deep rooted. As long as fathers train their sons to war, I suspect, their will be war: for the boys of every generation must have their little spin in destruction! And then Exhibitions of War! Why not have exhibitions of Typhoid, Tuberculosis, Plagues, Famine—with well-gowned, fair-faced women, as guides, reminding the spectators of the glories of these diseases?

But the drift is not all war-ward. Last week I heard of a school whose principal was asked that a gun might be planted in the school yard. He suggested, that it would be right to consult the parents. They were consulted, and as a result, no gun was planted in the school yard. I recently met a school teacher who said that she had entertained for a long time a prejudice against Oriental people, and believed in the "White Australia" policy. However, there were several Chinese families in her neighborhood. Their children came to school. One of the Chinese boys was chosen by the pupils, head ("dux") of the school. The directors vetoed it. But next year, the same boy was chosen again, by an overwhelming majority. He remained as "dux," and the "Chinese children are among the best in the school." The leaven is thus working.

*Melbourne.* SYDNEY STRONG.

# The Joy of Life

III.

I stood before Lorado Taft's sculpture, the "Solitude of the Soul." It is a solid block of marble from which, in part relief, Mr. Taft has chiseled four adult figures, all of which are standing. The two female characters are clasping hands. In back of these, and in close contact with them, stand the two male figures—one on each side of the solid piece of marble. Such is the composition with its simple grouping. The balance is perfect at whatever angle the statue is viewed. The facial expressions, although sad, are rather conventional; the straight lines brought out in the postures of the bodies give a sense of dignity and repose; while the close grouping, around the central block gives adequate unity. The greatness of the work, however, lies not in its composition, nor in its artistic technique, but rather in the theme treated—solitude. There is philosophic content in Mr. Taft's art, and this particular piece of work is no exception.

As I stood before the statue, my mind reflected upon its creator. A dreamer? Yes, Mr. Taft is that—but more. Those soft sympathetic eyes impress one as having caught the vista of a deeper meaning to life; a hidden significance which the human race has not yet discovered. This mystery is strongly suggested in his "Fountain of Time." Civilization is there portrayed as marching on and on, as it has marched for centuries. But the purpose of it all? At this point Mr. Taft's hand is stayed. He knows not the object of life, and he is too great an artist to cheapen his creations by making them champion any of our incomplete systems of philosophy or religion. "Solitude of the Soul" is the noblest type of art, for it is a representation of its maker's profoundest reflections on life.

My mind returned to the statue. How noble the theme! Human mortals, part and parcel of the great cosmic whole—attached to that universal all as these figures are attached to the block of marble; individual lives touching each other, feeling the common bond because of a common heritage, and yet unable to impart to one another those soul yearnings, those innate urges of the mind-self crying out for a higher self-realization. What is it that man wants? He only vaguely knows, but he feels an inadequacy. Himself a part of a great system of galaxies; his life intricately bound up in a massive social order, and yet, although in the dark, molten past he fancies he can detect his beginning, his vision of the future remains obscured in mystery. "Whither am I, as a link in the long chain of organic development, bound?" This is the unanswerable question that keeps locked the door leading to that larger self-expansion; that higher life for which man is ever

seeking. An innate urge to attain, yet not knowing how or what; a burning passion to pour into receptive ears an adequate description of this soul passion, yet unable to express the desire so that another can understand—this is the great mystery of life which Mr. Taft has caught a vista of, and which he has imparted to us through the "Solitude of the Soul."

EDWARD ARTHUR ROCKWOOD.

## Health, Long Life, Justice*

What are the religious tendencies of today as they actually appear in the thought and life of the average thinking man? As you talk with the man in the street what demands do you find him making of religion and what hope has he, if any, of the Church as an organized institution of religion? As you take up any first rate magazine of the day what do you find is the tone and temper of the articles therein, if any, which have a bearing upon the great problems of life and death, problems which it is the office of religion to solve for mankind? And the books that come pouring off the press, such books as do in any way reach down to the deeper motives and open up the deeper springs of a man's life, what do they make out of religion? And the plays men go to, the more serious plays, the Ibsen plays of yesterday, the O'Neil plays of today, with their sordid portrayal of the besetting sins of society, their apocalyptic soliloquies upon the eternal promises and aspirations in the heart of humanity; the plays which wring now tears of repentance, now tears of hope from our eyes—what hint do they give of the religious thinking and feeling of actual men today? And the Churches today? For there are a few Churches in the land today whose pews are filled from Sunday to Sunday with soul-parched men and women seeking the waters of life, even as the thirsting hart is drawn to the water-brooks. What words of passion and words of wisdom are these that are pouring forth from the lips of the modern prophets of the new day who are ministering to the people there?

1. For one thing the modern man is looking for a religion that will heal him,—his body of its ills, his soul of its follies and sins. Go to a Christian Science Church or to a New Thought hall anywhere today and you will find it packed to the doors with people who really believe in God; a God alive; a perfect and abundant Life, eternal and sempiternal, as Shaw would say; a Life whose presence in us is able to heal this body of ours of all the diseases and these souls of ours of all the fears and anxieties and disturbances with which our poor "mortal minds" deceive and distress us. Drop into a psychoanalyst's waiting room any hour any day. You will find it crowded with men and women who have lost their grip on life and who now seek to regain it in this modern confessional whose high priest is a psychologist and who has reduced "Confession" to a "technique." Look over the shoulder of the man who is reading a book in the seat in the street car in front of you: as likely as not it is some book on mental hygiene. Attend any great Conference—like the conference of social workers in Providence last week, and you find the meetings of the Department of Social Psychiatry crowded session after session and the other department meetings practically deserted. One of the largest of the criminal courts in New York City has a consulting psychologist on its staff. The head physician told me they were considering the appointment of an Analyst on the staff of the Dispensary Department of that city. The method of mental readjustment and re-education is rapidly displacing bromides and tonics in the Sanitaria of the whole world. In the field of medicine, that last stronghold of materialism, the new-fashioned expert in preventive hygiene is out-practicing the old-fashioned physician and surgeon with his drugs and scalpels. "Back to Methuselah" or how to live a thousand years, a Metabiological Pentateuch, is the book of the day! And even those who distrust these movements and avoid them as mere fads of the day have been caught by the health-seeking spirit of the day and are joining the League for the Longer Life—or whatever it is called. Health! that's the thing. Physical well-being, healthy-mindedness, religion, a cure-all for sick souls. Men today, to put it all in a single phrase, are demanding of religion that it shall be an invigorating experience, releasing the pent-up energies of the human mind and soul, and putting new life into a man,—new and abundant; bringing him power where now he is impotent; curing him of his sorrows and cynicisms and filling him with *la joie de vivre,* the Joy of Living, as the French love to call it.

2. Then for another thing men today in really astounding numbers are interesting themselves in psychic research. Everywhere you will find them dabbling in the Unseen, playing at odd moments with ouija or planchette, and some of them trying their own hand at automatic writing. The newspapers in their Sunday editions and the magazines are full of it. Books about it are pouring off the presses of reputable and canny publishing houses and are being read by the thousands. And hundreds of thousands go flocking to hear the lectures of Sir Oliver Lodge and Sir Arthur Conan Doyle. Daring plays are being staged, notably "The Return of Peter Grimm," staged by our greatest American producer, Belasco; and the leading part acted by our greatest American master of the histrionic art, David Warfield. And now we have it on the screen, portrayed with consummate art and with almost unbelievable delicacy of understanding by Norma Talmadge in "Smilin' Thro." Men of high repute like William James and Henri Bergson put the stamp of their approval upon the whole movement, when carried on in a scientific spirit, by serving as presidents of the Psychic Research Societies.

And a new spirit, it ought to be said, has come over these inquiries into the Unseen since the rather shallow and wholly unscientific days of the Fox sisters with their rappings. Thoughtful men everywhere today are beginning to wonder whether there may not be in actual scientific fact a fourth dimension to this three-dimensional world, as it is reported to us by our ordinary senses,—what the seers of old had seen and were trying to tell the world about when they spoke of the world of the "spirit." Maybe that world of the spirit isn't an "other" world at all but another aspect, another

* An address before the Ministers' Institute, Phillips Academy, Andover, Mass.

dimension, of this sensible world, hidden from the eyes of the body but open to the eyes of the spirit? Perhaps it is very near to us though we know it not, as near as the walls and ceiling of these rooms in which we eat away and sleep out our three-dimensional lives? And maybe in this fourth dimension the spirit of man is really free at last from the laws of matter and from all bondage to the flesh? Immortality, perhaps it isn't a mere supernatural conjecture of official religion, a mere reassuring gesture of professional preachers and priests, a mere hope of men who have been impotent here to master the lusts of the flesh or to rise above the ambitions of Mammon? Perhaps immortality is a fact, —a perfectly natural and, I had almost said, a terribly inevitable fact? Perhaps we are going to live forever whether we will or not?—in a world where space and time have ceased to be, where only what we are spiritually endures or has any meaning whatsoever? And maybe this immortality begins right here in the fourth dimension of this world and we are beginning already to accumulate the riches which alone we can carry with us through eternity,—the riches of the spirit, love, justice, good will and things like that? Perhaps we had better listen attentively and with grave minds to the seers of the ages—David, Buddha, Socrates, Jesus, Spinoza, Tolstoy and the rest and give heed to their age-long and prophetic claim that reality isn't food, raiment, lust, position, power, comfort or any of these things of the flesh but is love and justice and good will and the things of the spirit?

I am only reporting what is in actual fact one of the absorbing interests of the modern thinking man. And if one-half the claims which are being made in the name of pyschic research ever come true we shall have to re-write, as James Hyslop said to me one night—we shall have to re-write on larger and more inclusive lines all our ancient world-philosophies, and re-construct on firmer foundations all our ancient institutions, social, political, industrial. And above all else and before all else we shall have to remember all the time and never for a moment forget, that the most real thing about us is our soul!—the dwelling place of that love and justice and good will which alone are substantial amidst all the insubstantial things of this three-dimensional world in which we are living out our meager three score years and ten of Eternity.

3. And finally, to come down to earth again the most conspicuous of all the present day tendencies in religion and the one which holds promise of the most immediate results is of course the world-wide movement of the spirit of man towards democracy, a democracy which shall animate all our human institutions. Indeed so many theories and schemes of democracy are being brought forth today by the fertile mind of man that one's real problem, if he be really in earnest for democracy, is not to find *a* way out of the present world-wilderness but to choose wisely among the bewildering number of alluring and promising ways *the* one which will most surely and quickly lead into the Promised Land. Which shall it be? Some kind of paternalism, such as Plato of Carlyle commended to their generation—an Aristocracy of the Wise *patering* the foolish? I know many men today, not men who are grinding some personal axe wherewith to chop off the heads of their weaker fellows, but honest, sincere, well-meaning men who believe that a benevolent despotism (like that in Russia, for example), is the best possible government for a society in which men are and always will be unequal in their talents and in their mental abilities. Or shall it be a Political Democracy, the rule of the majority with the sportsmanlike consent of the minority? Or Industrial Democracy, the rule of the workers of the world; no work, no pay; a society governed by wise and efficient factory-managers? Or Single Tax, every man to have the free and full use of all the land on which he can profitably produce anything, whether potatoes in the hill or shoes in his factory? Or Socialism in some form, a government in possession of all the resources and productive and distributive agencies of the country and which shall see to it that every worker receives to the very last penny the equivalent of all he produces by his industry whether of hand or of brain? Or Communism of some kind, in which every member of society, just as now every member of any well-meaning family, will receive from the common goods of the community all that he needs or can possibly use for the development of all his powers and the securing of his life and happiness? Or the Kingdom of God rather,—such as the Nazarene dreamed of; a society in which no man shall ask or so much as think of his own interests or goods but in which each member shall vie with every other member of the great family of God in deeds of self-forgetting love and self-effacing service? These, and I know not what other visions of an ideal world-democracy are being painted these days in glowing colors before the wondering eyes of the world. And to choose between them—well, it is like trying to choose between, say, a sunrise by Corot and one by Ruysdael. Both canvases are so beautiful! And you will probably end by choosing according to your own tastes or temperament. If you like the sun shining through the trees your choice will be the Corot; if you like the rays shimmering upon some half-concealed water-fall you will turn to the Ruysdael. So it is with these visions of the new day. Democracy is dawning everywhere. Men are seeing it from all sorts of points of view. And from every point of view it is beautiful. And I'm not sure it matters very much from what point of view we greet the dawn. The important thing, the terribly important thing, is that we do greet it, and have an eye to see the glory of it, and open our souls to its enlightenment.

There are many other heartening tendencies of the day in religion we might speak of. The new art, for example, and the new literature: how the spirit of beauty is taking possession of the soul of this age, the spirit of beauty in place of the ashes under which the materialism of the last century came near suffocating the spirit of man. And how alive this new spirit of beauty is, how fairly alive with liberty. And how out of all these new forms of beauty there will come a music of democracy for the religion of the new day; and hymns of democracy; and liturgies of freedom.

But my time is up. If in one final word I were to attempt to summarize it all, it would be to say that it is all Humanism,—using that term in what I conceive to be its proper sense. Religion from now on is going to be absolutely human; an invigorating, liberating force in human life, releasing the hidden and repressed energies of men, putting new life into them, body and soul. It will people the unknown from pole to pole of the starry heavens with the spirits of men, men who though beyond the grave are still alive, alive with the self-same purposes of justice, the self-same spirit of love which animated them and made them great here. And it is going to establish, this religion of the new

day, a world-democracy, nay a universe-democracy, wherein all the souls of men shall be free and able to live completely, developing all the mysterious powers, all the talents, all the gifts of the spirit, that are in them.

And God? What of God, you ask? Well God is just the Spirit of it all, the Life of it all;—that Spirit and Life which from the beginning of creative time has been working toward this end—a free humanity throughout the length and breadth, the height and depth of this mysterious universe of ours.

FRANK C. DOAN.

## Gandhi and Modern India

Mahatma Gandhi, in prison at Ahmedabad, India, has recently written a letter to an Indian friend which has been broadcasted over the earth by the Associated Press, and may be regarded as the latest exposition of his thought and purpose in his non-resistant, but intense campaign for the nationalization of his beloved country. It clearly reveals that his definition of *Swadeshi* is a rejection of modern culture and civilization, and a return to the ancient ideas and institutions of India. Thus in religion he would follow only the forms of worship used by his ancestors; in politics, he would make use only of indigenous institutions; in economic life, he would use only things produced by his immediate neighbors, and would serve only those industries which are native to his own country.

Gandhi explains his beliefs and aims in these words:

There is no impassable barrier between East and West. There is no such thing as Western or European civilization, but there is a modern civilization, which is purely material. The people of Europe, before they were touched by modern civilization, had much in common with the people of the East.

It is not the British people who are ruling India, but it is modern civilization, through its railways, telegraphs, telephones, and almost every invention which has been claimed to be a triumph of civilization. Bombay, Calcutta and the other cities of India are the real plague spots.

If British rule were replaced tomorrow by Indian rule based on modern methods, India would be no better, except that she would be able then to retain some of the money that is drained away to England; but then India would become only a second or fifth nation of Europe or America. East and West can only really meet when the West has thrown overboard modern civilization, almost in its entirety. They can also seemingly meet when the East has also adopted modern civilization, but that meeting would be an armed truce.

Medical science is the concentrated essence of black magic. Quackery is infinitely preferable to what passes for high medical skill. Hospitals are the instruments that the devil has been using for his own perpetuate vice, misery, degradation and real slavery. If there were no hospitals for venereal diseases, or even for consumptives, we should have less consumption, and less sexual vice among us.

India should wear no machine-made clothing, whether it comes out of European mills or Indian mills.

India's salvation consists in unlearning what she has learned during the past 50 years. The railways, telegraphs, hospitals, lawyers, doctors and such like have all to go, and the so-called upper classes have to learn to live religiously and deliberately the simple peasant life, knowing it to be a life giving true happiness.

There was true wisdom in the sages of old having so regulated society as to limit the material condition of the people; the rude plow of perhaps 5000 years ago is the plow of the husbandman today. Therein lies salvation. People live long under such conditions, in comparative peace much greater than Europe has enjoyed after having taken up modern activity.

These reactionary utterances do not negative the sincerity, and the devotion of the Hindu reformer to the causes of which he is the apostle, but they will undermine the sympathy and support which have been extended to his endeavors by the large-minded and progressive elements in Europe and America. They seriously call in question the sanity of his judgments and his fitness to be a leader of his people in their attempts to secure freedom and self-government. There never was a time when the well-informed mind of civilized man was less inclined to a worship of the unintelligent and slavish past, when past sanctions, beliefs, customs and institutions received less reverence or affection, or were so readily surrendered for present effectiveness and the ideals and hopes of the future. Even Asiatic peoples are stirred from their long slumber and isolation by visions of the larger possibilities which await mankind. On the ruins of decaying political and social institutions, and of outworn creeds and worships, they would erect a better accredited knowledge, a more generally diffused happiness. The recent *vise* of Japan in education, culture, science, wealth, enlarging personal freedom and general welfare, and the spectacle of China's birth-throes of Unity, Democracy and World-brotherhood, are instances in point. There is no such possibility to-day as an arrested or static condition in the life of a nation. Either it must go forward, or it must stagger backward and die. For India to shut out the light of modern intercourse, knowledge, science, culture, invention, trade and international friendship, and to become a nation of peasants only, scratching the earth with a stick and toiling wearily at the hand-loom, is to become estranged from the other peoples of the earth, to awaken their contempt and cupidity, and to fall at last a victim to her own oppressors in state and church or to powerful and unscrupulous neighbors. Moreover, India owes it to the other peoples of the earth to make known to them the riches of her thought, her profound speculations on the nature and purpose of the creation, the beauties of her ancient literatures and arts, and to receive from them in return their energy of character, their practical sense and organizing power, their sciences and arts, their democratic spirit, their higher valuation of woman, their sympathy with the depressed classes, and optimistic faith in the coming unity of races and brotherhood of mankind. To withdraw from and absolutely refuse these international exchanges of sentiment and service, as Mr. Gandhi proposes, would be a disaster and a crime. Not that way lies her salvation. But to press forward with intelligent, united purpose, availing herself of every science, knowledge, instrumentality and alliance which our time will yield her, co-operating wherever possible with the British government and people, not too impatient, biding the best time, seizing the opportunity, and securing self-government, freedom and equal rights, as the United States, Canada, Australia and now Ireland have won it—in a more peaceable way, let us hope. So will India gain what she urgently needs and so richly deserves, her freedom, self-government, and equal rights, while assuring also her inherited treasures of virtue, faith, intellectual keenness, and her rightful share of the world's respect and co-operation.

CHARLES W. WENDTE.

# The Revolt Against Evolution*

The study of Darwinism brings to light a threefold coincidence which is, I think, as remarkable as anything to be found in all the range of biographical and scientific literature.

There is first of all the fact that Charles Darwin and Abraham Lincoln were born not only in the same year, 1809, but on the self-same day, February 12th. The whole world might well set apart this day as a memorial to freedom, freedom for both the bodies and the minds of men.

There is the further coincidence that Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace came to the same revolutionary reading of the records of nature at about the same time, and were co-discoverers of the theory of natural selection as explaining the process of evolution. The fine spirit of mutual consideration shown by these two men, and especially the noble modesty of Darwin who had given much the longer consideration to the matter and had worked out its proofs more completely, and who would yet have allowed the credit of first publication to Wallace if his friends had not prevented, is one of the most inspiring passages in the history of human thought. Those who to-day would disparage Darwin might well consider whether they could have been as modest and unselfish as he.

A third coincidence remains which I do not remember to have seen noted until this time, and which is more important than either of these named in setting forth the limitations of the first arguments for evolution and the underlying causes of the present revolt against the doctrine. It is the fact that both Charles Darwin and Alfred Russell Wallace have confessed that the idea of natural selection through the survival of the fittest first came to them as a consequence of the reading of the same book, "The Principle of Population As It Affects the Future Improvement of Society," by Thomas Robert Malthus.

Malthus was an English clergyman, whose famous book appeared in 1798, in the period of popular revulsion against the excesses of the French Revolution. It was an answer to an earlier book, written by another English clergyman who had abandoned the ministry and had espoused the cause of French radicalism, both political and religious. William Godwin's book, "Enquiry Concerning Political Justice," was published in 1793, and tremendously troubled the ruling classes of Europe. It was this book which the argument of Malthus was believed to meet and overwhelm, and Malthus' argument has been made much of by all the ruling classes ever since.

Very briefly stated, the argument of Malthus is that population tends to increase faster than the means of subsistence unless kept down by famine, pestilence and war, and therefore he urged moral restraints in the interests of smaller population. It is only fair to Malthus himself to call attention to the fact that it was the moral argument which most concerned him, although his book has been used and is used as an apology for the supposed ruthlessness of nature and the supposedly "inevitable pressure" of poverty, pestilence, and war upon human kind. Those who would have us believe that there is nothing seriously at fault in social and political arrangements are fain enough to contend in the name of Malthus that we are bound to have the poor "always with us," that "war is a necessity," and that if it were not for the killing off of a lot of people at the bottom of the social scale we would all starve to death.

One of the best replies to Malthus is to be found in that great book, "Progress and Poverty," by Henry George. In another connection I have shown that it is hardly an accident that this book was written in San Francisco, on the western edge of the continent at about the time when our frontier ceased to be, that is when free land was no longer to be had. For the full significance of this coincidence one ought to read Frederick Turner's "The Frontier in American History."

It is not necessary to suppose any sympathy on the part of Darwin or Wallace with the mischievous social uses of the argument of Malthus, for there is nothing to indicate anything of the kind on their part. The significant thing is that it was the struggle for food as suggested by Malthus which gave them the cue to "the struggle for existence" in nature. Animal life is even more abundantly prolific than human life, and the animals have no such means of extending their food supply as has man. Consequently the pressure of animal population would explain the passing of many of the forms of life which once dominated the lands and waters of the earth. And naturally those would survive which made the best adaptation to changing environment, and were able to develop those variations most which tended toward survival. The argument which is forever identified with the name of Darwin follows easily upon the fundamental suggestion of Malthus.

And as the argument of Malthus in the form in which he gave it was found useful by the ruling classes as justifying in a way the miseries of life, or at least laying the burden of them upon "natural necessity," so the more developed argument which Darwin and Wallace deduced from the "principle" laid down by Malthus was eagerly seized upon by the ruling and exploiting classes as justifying them in much larger degree. Malthus did but burden nature with the necessary evils of life, but Darwin's argument made these very evils the method by which the good has been brought to pass and all the progress of life has been achieved. Malthus left God, or "Nature," in a bad way, for having over-populated the world with human beings who had to crowd each other off the stage in order to live. Darwin seemed to show that however hard this "law of nature" might appear to be it was really profoundly benevolent as it was the only way in which the

*About the time that Dr. Holmes delivered his address on "Bryan, Darwin and the Fact of Evolution," which appeared in the issue of UNITY for May 25, 1922, I gave on the "Fellowship Church" platform in Seattle, Washington, an address on "Bryan and Darwin." Mine was no such comprehensive statement of the argument for evolution as Dr. Holmes gave in his address. I did, however, follow something of the same line with him in showing that the opponents of evolution when they loudly proclaim that "Darwinism" is discredited by many modern scientific authorities are confusing Darwin's particular theory of the process of evolution with the idea of evolution itself. All scientists of any standing are evolutionists, but not all scientists are agreed with Darwin's explanation of the evolutionary process. Dr. Holmes' elucidation of this point seemed to me particularly felicitous, and I felt that his whole address was exceptionally able and valuable. In writing him to this effect a few days ago I mentioned the triple coincidence which I had noted in my address here, and the light which the last item in this threefold coincidence throws upon what I conceive to be really back of the present attack upon Darwinism by men of such public esteem as Mr. Bryan. Dr. Holmes has asked me to present to the readers of UNITY my argument in brief, and it is at his request that I am offering this addition to the discussion.

"fittest" could be chosen to survive. The flattering unctuousness of this philosophy the ruling classes have applied to themselves as a delightful ointment of appreciation. The rich man is the "American beauty rose" of our day, to whom a thousand buds have been sacrificed in the selective process of growth.

Militarism could ask nothing better than this dogma, and has made the fullest use of it, not only in Germany, but everywhere else. The later findings of evolutionary science have been on the side of a much broader interpretation of the doctrine of development. One of our American clergymen, Dr. John T. Gulick of the Hawaiian islands, has shown in his "Habitudinal Selection," published by the Smithsonian Institute, that isolation has been one of the most influential factors in the variations which have made for life as we have it to-day. Drummond and others have emphasized "the struggle for the life of others," as meaning quite as much or more than the struggle for self. But in the popular mind evolution is still identified with the doctrine of the prize ring, "free to whoever can qualify, and may the best man win."

This it is, I believe, which is really at the bottom of the present attack upon evolution from the side of the religious world. It is just those people who believe most in the philanthropic mood, the individualists of the altruistic school who are revolted by this doctrine of tooth and claw. The evolutionists have themselves to blame in large measure for this reaction. It was their own ignorance, and especially the eagerness of many of them to emphasize a "policy of ruthlessness" in nature which has affected the unintelligent in the religious world, especially those who are emotionally altruistic rather than coldly intellectual to make protest against what they esteem the "Prussianizing" of all life. Prussia has been defeated in the military field, and now they propose to drive "Prussianism" out of the field of the whole life process.

When the doctrine of evolution is supported in a Christian way, that is, with regard to a Christian concept of life, and when it becomes the ally of those forces which are making for the common good and not the world-masters who are responsible for the present welter of the world, then, and not till then, it will overcome the conservatism of the churches, and will be accepted as the friend and not the enemy of mankind. But you can no more have science for the sake only of science, than you can have "art for art's sake alone." Life, and love as the greatest thing in life, must needs conquer all the fields of knowledge before knowledge can have its way with man.

ROBERT WHITAKER.

*Seattle, Wash.*

## Why Pacifism is Disowned

I ask myself if the apostles of pacifism are sufficiently conscious of a psychological obstacle which stands in the way of the diffusion of their doctrine, an obstacle apparently insignificant, but of which the force, when one thinks of it, is considerable. It appears to exist in Germany, in England, in all the countries of the world. But for the moment, I shall limit myself to studying it in my own country, France.

Even the most careless observer cannot fail to be struck by the enormous disproportion between the number of actual pacifists and that of those who declare themselves as such. Talk with a farmer, a laborer, a villager, ninety-nine times out of a hundred he will express to you his horror of war, his ardent desire to prevent the return of a catastrophe like that of 1914. Ask the same man to express his feelings publicly, he will hang his head; the word *peace* frightens him. Still less could he bring himself to join a society, or participate in any propaganda having for its purpose, pacifism.

It is a very common phenomenon, that one should be afraid of words, but I do not believe that there are many examples of a fear so puerile and so perilous as in this particular case. Certain words take, as a consequence of past events, a tone which separates them far from their primitive color. The incidents once past, they remain discolored, disgraced, and one would say that they could never return to their true meaning. Thus with pacifism. During the war and especially after the period of summer lassitude in 1917, one spoke in France only of *"defaitisme,"* attacking hotly people suspected of working for defeat, and later all those suspected of wishing peace by negotiation. "A white peace," a compromise, was as odious in the eyes of these patriots as a rout of our armies. There was then, it was urged, but one end fit to be followed, complete victory. In these conditions, to wish peace before triumph was assured became criminal: pacifism seemed synonymous with "defeatism," almost treason.

This interpretation of the words, which we may well explain by the special mentality of wartime, which one might even justify by the need of whipping the morale of a struggling people, has outlived the needs of the time. For three years, we have had peace, that peace which every one (or nearly every one) wished for from the bottom of his heart, yet by an incredible paradox it is still counted a crime to call oneself a friend of peace. The victorious Frenchman looks with a suspicious eye on the avowed pacifist. Unconsciously he reasons in this fashion:

"You are a pacifist today. That means that you were one five years ago; then you wanted defeat or at least a white peace; then you disavow the victory for which fifteen hundred thousand Frenchmen gave their lives; then you are a friend of Germany; then if there is a new war you will be a traitor or at least lukewarm, etc., etc."

Before this argument, the poor pacifist is overwhelmed. A traitor, he who was four years in the trenches! A bad citizen, a bad patriot, he who has believed, and carried out with closed eyes all the violence demanded of him for four years! Rather than endure such an accusation he is ready to deny everything; pacifist in his heart as thoroughly as one may conceive—but a "Pacifist,"—never!

It takes no more than this to clip the wings of a propaganda to prevent the manifestations of the most useful of ideas and the most just. You may search in vain in France for responsible statesmen who dare publicly to declare for pacifism. You may look long for literary men, for scholars, for men of any notoriety who are ready to sign a pacifist declaration. Find if you can a journalist who will not turn in derision from a congress or other activity of friends of peace. Yet they write every day that "France is the

great friend of peace." The politicians repeat every day in their speeches: "We want peace, assuredly, but who can accuse us of being pacifist? O, horror!"

In line with this paradox, we get ready for war: we arm to the limit: we show our fists perpetually: we encourage hate, and the good people who really want peace are led to believe that a show of war is the way to obtain it. They follow like sheep as they have always done.

Nothing will be changed; the outlook for the future will remain just as dark, till one has brought back words to their true senses.

Pacifist means partisan of peace, and every man who sincerely wishes peace is a pacifist. From that fact we cannot escape, and all the repugnances, the jesuitical hypocrisies of militarism will not make black white nor white black.

All appeals for peace should tend to make plain to the masses the logic—or rather the evidence to this effect: "You want peace, then you are with us: you are of us without knowing it: you ought to uphold us by your efforts, if not by joining us—at least by your sympathy."

And now this is the fact which must be recognized in every country, as much in France as in Germany: There can be but two parties—one the party of peace, the other the party of the next war. Let each one choose between the two and take his responsibilities.

When the pacifists raise the discussion to this level, imposing this dilemma on their adversaries, they will have won a great victory.

—*René Lauret.*

(From *La Paix par le Droit,* February, 1922; translated by David Starr Jordan.)

## A BOOK A WEEK

*Mary Badollet Powell Memorial*

LIFE AND DEATH OF HARRIETT FREAN. By May Sinclair. New York: The Macmillan Company.

Harriett Frean was an only child; brothers and sisters might have helped her to make a success of her life. She was fortunate in the possession of parents who loved her, but she was unfortunate in that their love made her selfish and weak—they allowed her to cling to them, they did not teach her to be independent and self-sustaining. Her childhood was or should have been blandly happy. Happiness meant a great deal to her. She was proud of her parents, proud of their wealth and culture. She was somewhat too proud; the boys and young men she permitted her girl friends to introduce were frightened by her chilly attitude. The only man she ever came to know very well was Robin Lethbridge, the fiance of her chum, Priscilla Heaven. Of course, Harriett could not marry him, even when he confessed that he did not really love Priscilla. She asked her father's advice, but he dismissed her question with a platitude on personal honor—it would not be honorable for Robin to jilt Priscilla. So Robin and Priscilla were married, and Harriett felt that she had done her duty by her friend, given her lover back to her when he would have strayed away.

Of course, Robin and Priscilla were not happy; they became slaves, one to the other. And Harriett's inability to face a given fact prevented her from finding consolation elsewhere. The three lives, and another later on in the person of Robin's second wife, were wrecked. Not that any of the four had the capacity for much real use in the world; they were so badly educated.

The point is, of course, that children must be taught to stand on their own feet, think their own thoughts, solve their own problems and live their own lives. Parents must not allow their sons and daughters to emulate the clinging vine; and children—for that matter—must not allow their parents to dictate the details of their philosophy and conduct if they should so desire. It follows that young people will make tragic (as well as comic) mistakes; but they may learn from their experience and do better thereafter. Such knowledge of life as the parents have they must pass on to the new generation—that goes without saying; and the youngsters must listen and profit accordingly. But there is a vast difference between warning and dictating, and the wise parent will know where to stop. In any event, the responsibility is primarily the parents'.

I wish I could think of some new adjective to employ in paying grateful tribute to Miss Sinclair for this book; she has created a particularly valuable character study in this instance, and she has written it beautifully—with grace, reserve, sympathy and quiet charm.

Everybody who reads Harriett Frean's biography will find himself, in part at least; and the tragedy she represents will be a warning and wise counsel to those readers whose careers are still in the making, to those who are not too old or stupid to change.

I recommend this book, then, to all young people and to all old people who have not forgotten what youth means. The struggle, the problems of youth—is there anybody anywhere too old to have forgotten them?

If only we could know at twenty what we are pretty certain to know at sixty! There would be few Harriett Freans, few failures, few tragedies.

JAMES WALDO FAWCETT.

## SEA-GULL

O, sea-gull, glittering, gliding over the calm water,
Do you, in your travels, thank God for the salt breeze,
Thank God for the pines down by the water's edge,
Thank God for the many fish in the sea,
For the spray dashed high on the shore,
For the scent of the wet seaweed?
Or, do you, like so many people in this world,
Glide onward without thought of the Almighty Giver?

VIRGINIA WAINWRIGHT.

## THE STUDY TABLE

### "Human Nature and Conduct"

HUMAN NATURE AND CONDUCT by John Dewey. New York: Holt. 1922. pp. 336.

The great weakness of moral and religious workers lies in their failure to appreciate the nature of moral and religious living. Professor Dewey has given us the most comprehensive account of the what and how of morality that has ever appeared in print. He analyzes the moralizing processes, showing how moral behavior develops, the part human nature as impulse plays, the function of environment, of habit and custom, and the major part played by intelligence. He holds "that the understanding of habit and of different types of habit is the key to social psychology, while the operation of impulse and intelligence gives the key to individualized mental activity. But they are secondary to habit so that mind can be understood in the concrete only as a system of beliefs, desires and purposes which are formed in the interaction of biological aptitudes with a sociological environment."

His treatment of habit as the great moving force of intelligent behavior necessitates a vast change in pedagogy and teaching. He shows the impossibility of abstract thinking apart from the crises in actual behavior. Real thinking arises only in meeting the crises of life's situations for purposes of re-direction and fuller adjustment. The author points out that human nature in the form of impulse and habit, through the medium of intelligence, co-operates with environment in the process of making further adaptations. He accordingly looks upon morals as the most humane of all subjects because it is all "ineradicably empirical, not theological nor metaphysical nor mathematical. . . . Human nature exists and operates in an environment and it is not 'in' that environment as coins are in a box but as a plant in the sunlight and soil." It is in the co-operation of human capacities and environment that intelligence finds its scope and morality develops.

One of the strongest features of the book is the keen analysis of the many historical theories of moral living. The book is an outstanding illustration of the necessity of correct theory as a guide to workers in the moral field. The task of the book is the presenting of a correct theory of moral growth. Anyone working in the moral and religious field should have this book. It is the most fundamental of all works, giving the what and how of moral and religious growth.

JOSEPH MANSON ARTMAN.

### "Art and Religion"

ART AND RELIGION by Von Ogden Vogt. New Haven; The Yale University Press, 1921; pp. 265.

In a day when the right of free speech is being liberally exercised in destructive criticism of the church this volume of Von Ogden Vogt's comes to us as a rare and vital contribution; constructive and hopeful. It is not at all what the name suggests to the average reader; an academic discussion of the relation of religion to painting and sculpture and architecture. It is rather a working introduction to the art of religion. The key to the book is a short paragraph on page 54.

> Religion and art need each other. Art without religion fails of the highest significance. Religion without art is dumb.
>
> The book is an effort to assist the religious world to a recognition of the category of beauty as a primary and necessary element in the religious reconstruction of the new age (7).
>
> Religion cannot complete her reformation until she has squared her experience not only with Scientist and Moralist, but also with the Artist (34).

The book is cast by the author in three main parts. The first seeks an analysis of fundamental religious values from a psychological viewpoint, relating these values to practical considerations of life. Mr. Vogt here takes the attitude that the chief function of religion is to foster the religious experience.

> Vision, Humility, Vitality, Illumination, Enlistment—these constitute the experience of worship, and these may all be kindled in the experience of beauty (151).

The second phase of the book deals with the liturgy and the technique of worship. The third and final phase takes up the church building, the House of God, discussing its architecture, decoration, and appointments.

The chapter headings are suggestive. An Age Described by its Art, The Unity of Religion and Art, The Cleft between Art and Religion, The Mutual Need, Corporeality in Religion, The Sensational Character of Art, A Brief for the Cultus, Prophet and Priest, The Artist as Prophet, Symbols and Sacraments, Religious Education, Church Unity, Technique and Freedom, The Mysticism of Isaiah, The Order of the Liturgy, Introit and Antiphons, Music, Architectural Style, Structural Tone, The Chancel, Practicable Matters, Religious Ideas for the Architect, The Future Church. The illustrations are appropriate and beautiful. Mechanically the volume is wholly delightful.

The book is obviously the result of much study, clear thought, and large experience. It is sane, sound and usable. Please get the book and read it. Then determine for yourself whether the reviewer is over-enthusiastic when he says that every religious leader in the country should have and know this book.

B. F. M.

## In the Days of the Precentor

The following story is taken from the Miscellany column of the *Manchester Guardian*:

> In Presbyterian meeting-houses in many country places in Ulster it is the custom to sing the Scotch version of the Psalms of David, and for the precentor to give out the words line by line, the congregation joining in singing each line immediately it is given out and then waiting for the next line to be given. The first line of the Scotch version of the 83rd Psalm reads:
>
> "The Lord will come, and He will not"
>
> The next line reads:
>
> "Keep silent but speak out."
>
> Treated thus independently the lines are apt to mystify any but a thoroughly sophisticated hearer.

It reminds one of the successful Scottish divine, who was invited by the congregation of the little church, where he began his career, to preach the anniversary sermon. To his amazement he found the same precentor, his voice now cracked and tremulous, giving out the hymns. The divine announced the closing hymn in this way:

> My friends we will now sing hymn number 204 in the new book—401 in the old book. But before the precentor gives you the tune I should like to say to him, "If you're going to sing tenor, sing tenor; and if you're going to sing bass, sing bass, but let us have no more of your shandygaff."

H. S. N.

## THE FIELD

*"The World is my country, to do good is my Religion"*

### BULLETIN OF WOMEN'S PEACE UNION OF THE WESTERN HEMISPHERE.

#### More Money for Poison Gas.

Has anybody supposed that poison gas was forgotten, because the authorities were reserved about it for a few months? Here are a few facts:

Congress the other day increased the appropriation from the "Chemical Warfare Service" from $500,000 to $750,000.

Rear Admiral William S. Sims announced at a recent medical dinner: "You can bet your life that if we have another war and if we're attacked, we will use gas, and we won't care how, when or why."

W. Lee Lewis, inventor of the deadly Lewisite gas, calls attention in the *Atlantic* to "the ridiculous picture of the United States forswearing gas warfare and yet maintaining an elaborate experimenting plant in war gases at Edgewood, Maryland." Mr. Lewis argues that poison gas is indispensable and that it isn't after all very destructive, both of which points are scarcely tenable.

And, oh, by the way, the following words stand in one of the ratified treaties:

"The use in war of asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases—having been justly condemned by the general opinion of the civilized world—the signatory powers—declare their assent to such prohibition, agree to be bound thereby as between themselves."

#### How Convert American Youth?

We all agree that it must be done. And a beginning has been made by Gertrude Baer, the young German pacifist and feminist, who passed through New York last month on her way back to Munich. Miss Baer, together with Mrs. Robinson, of England, and Mlle. Potecher, of France, was brought to this country by the Women's International League of Peace and Freedom, and the trio toured American colleges together. Miss Baer says that in every college she visited she talked not only internationalism, but total disarmament and non-resistance, to audiences that sometimes numbered two thousand, and that offered an encouraging response. To us who realize how powerfully, in all colleges, the opposite influence is brought to bear, this seems striking testimony. She also talked singly with the leaders of liberal and radical groups and persuaded them to discuss fundamentals with her. Miss Baer is a secretary of the Women's International League and an organizer of the German Youth Movement in the direction of Peace. She has just the vigor and intelligence and charm that the cause of Peace needs in its propagandists.

#### Millions for Army and Navy.

If the Washington conference didn't do away with poison gas, even by taking

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## CORRESPONDENCE

### A New Hymn

Editor of UNITY:

Some time ago in UNITY you mentioned new hymns. Here is one that I have used in the Sunday School of the Los Gatos church while I was helping Mr. Whitaker. I have long been aware of the lack of any hymns for children with the sentiment of loyalty to the "Holy Earth," as Professor Bailey's little book describes it. We have so much waste in California and so much starving in other parts of the earth that this hymn tries to appeal to the sense of wrong to be righted.

The hymn was used for some time and as the tune is a good one for children they called for it, not because they understood it, but because they loved it. Older folks objected to the "Law of Use" and "Law of Sharing" and one dear woman nearly had a fit over the "little ones" of earth "sobbing," which meant to me that church hymns are sweetened to taste. If we could arouse the righteous indignation of the past over the wasting of the Earth and could preach the moral equivalent of destruction with the same martial feeling as war songs, which children love to sing, much might be hoped for in the future.

The lines of this hymn may be a bit angular and adult for children. The first is caused by admitted propaganda for the New Spirit, and the second is deliberate. My idea is to teach hymns to children that will be a part of them for the years to come. Most of the hymns of my childhood are of service to me now only for jesting. Half of life may be for laughing at the other half but this ought not to apply to hymns.

I have a number of other adaptations, the result of some experience of using singable hymns which you may wish to see, basing your judgment on the enclosed.

Best wishes to you and UNITY. Cordially,

*Los Gatos, California.* ARTHUR B. HEER.

#### FAITHFUL EARTH.

(Tune: "Soldier's Farewell.")

Earth is our faithful Mother,
Defend her, Oh, my Brother!
Base Greed her home is robbing,
Her little ones are sobbing.

*Refrain:*

Arise! Arise! and test your worth;
Defend! Defend! our holy Earth.

Behold Earth's wasted bosom,
Behold our sin and treason;
Shall we, in God despairing
Deny the Law of Sharing?

Strike Off! Strike Off! her chains of war;
Unite for all Earth's fruitful store.

Earth, Mother, thou art Beauty
Thou art our Home and Duty;
Thy Law of Use must sever
All Wrong from Right forever.

Reclaim! Reclaim! your Right of Birth;
All Hail! All Hail! Our Holy Earth.

its oath to that effect, why should it be supposed to have limited armament, as the phrase goes? As a matter of fact, $293,000,000 have just been appropriated for one year's expenses for the U. S. Navy. And Secretary of War Weeks, addressing the graduating West Pointers, last month, told them that it is madness to speak of armies being abolished. He asserted that the present civilization "will vanish like a burst bubble the moment the authority behind the law is removed."

**"Pan-America" and a Few Loans.**

American imperialism is making brisk headway. At home, we hear President Harding making a long speech to the Philippine Parliamentary Mission, the upshot of which is that "the time is not yet for independence." Abroad, we learn that a revolution in Nicaragua lasted only eight hours, the revolutionists being promptly taken in hand by the American marines and clapped in jail. And Guatemala, a member of the Central American Union which died some months ago of a thrust, we are now told, of "Washington diplomacy"—is now in a ferment because of a proposed loan by the U. S. of eleven and one-half million dollars. This loan, which would place practically all the resources of the state in the hands of American financiers, encounters certain domestic opposition. Therefore, martial law was declared on the middle of May. Then there is Bolivia, where a twenty-four million dollar loan has been floated by a syndicate of New York bankers.

**Romain Rolland Stands Firm.**

Both Romain Rolland, author of "Clerambault," and Henri Barbusse, author of "Le Feu," are as everybody knows strongly anti-war. But their recent discussion as to the legitimate means of achieving the end they both desire, leaves M. Rolland in a position we must applaud. While M. Barbusse holds that more or less violence is inevitable in doing away with war, and bringing about a new order, M. Rolland remains uncompromisingly non-resistant. To refuse to co-operate with the State when such co-operation means violation of one's own moral sense, is, he declares, "the most heroic act that can be performed at this time."

Room 931, 70 Fifth Avenue, New York City.

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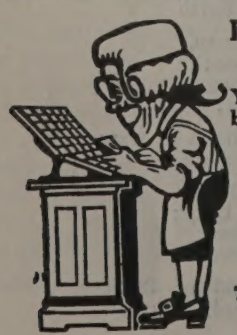

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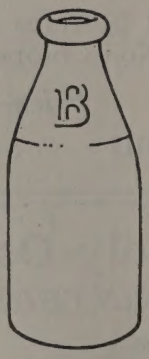

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